MARVEL
PSR+ 14
SIMONE
LEE
UDON
AGENT X
DEADPOOL WALKIN' PART 2
ALVIN LEE
ARNI UDON
DIRECT EDITION
01411
7 59606 05367 4
$2.99 US $4.75 CAN

ALEX HAYDEN'S CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN-SCREW-UP JOURNAL OF FUN AND SCORING WITH HOT CHICKS PLUS I LOVE IT WHEN I AIM GOOD

You are ALEX HAYDEN, America's most-beloved assassin and gun-for-hire. Chicks dig you, men fear you, you can eat a TUB of pudding and not gain an OUNCE. You don't know who you are or where you came from, and you're not really clear on state capitols, either.

But life is GOOD. Sure, maybe you're not Wolverine, maybe you're not Spider-Man, maybe Hollywood producers don't answer your calls, maybe your action figure is just a modified Bullseye, maybe you have a variety of offensive and mysterious odors, but still, you don't see Captain America date girls like cowgirl-mere OUTLAW and business partner SANDI, right? You ask me, maybe the guy could use a little VIBRANIUM somewhere other than his SHIELD, am I right? Can I get an "amen"? DYN-O-MITE! High Five! Down Low! Your barn door is open! Ha ha ha, jokes are funny!

Anyway, you, your loyal friend and recent dance partner SANDI and the hideously-dressed mercenary TASKMASTER are returning from this big Japanese gangster hoedown. You were nearly killed by a Sailor Moon look-alike, but now, you have this chief thug, HIGASHI, who owes you a favor, big time. Heh. I just got my own joke about the shield. HA! I wish I'd thought of that!

SUDDENLY! Back at Sandi's apartment, when all you can think about is some hot lovin' and string cheese (note: remind self to wash, avoid infection), Taskmaster notices the door has been messed with. You open the door, and there's some weirdo doofus standing there, not saying a word.

Do You:

A) Welcome this weary traveler into your home, providing him with a variety of healthy snacks and unlimited use of your Sidekicks Gone Wild DVD collection, or

B) Shoot him right in the forehead

WRONG!

It was "B!"

You stink at this.

Turns out the doofus you shot is Wade Wilson, a.k.a. DEADPOOL, the legendary merc that everyone figured YOU were, in reality. This made a lot of sense when you were drunk. You inexplicably hate the guy, and you're none too fond of the guy who brought him here either: the mind-manipulating assassin THE BLACK SWAN. How these guys survived getting blowed up, and what they're doing here is a complete mystery.

Do You:

A) Administer medical attention to the guy with the massive head wound on the floor, or

B) More washing.

WRONG!

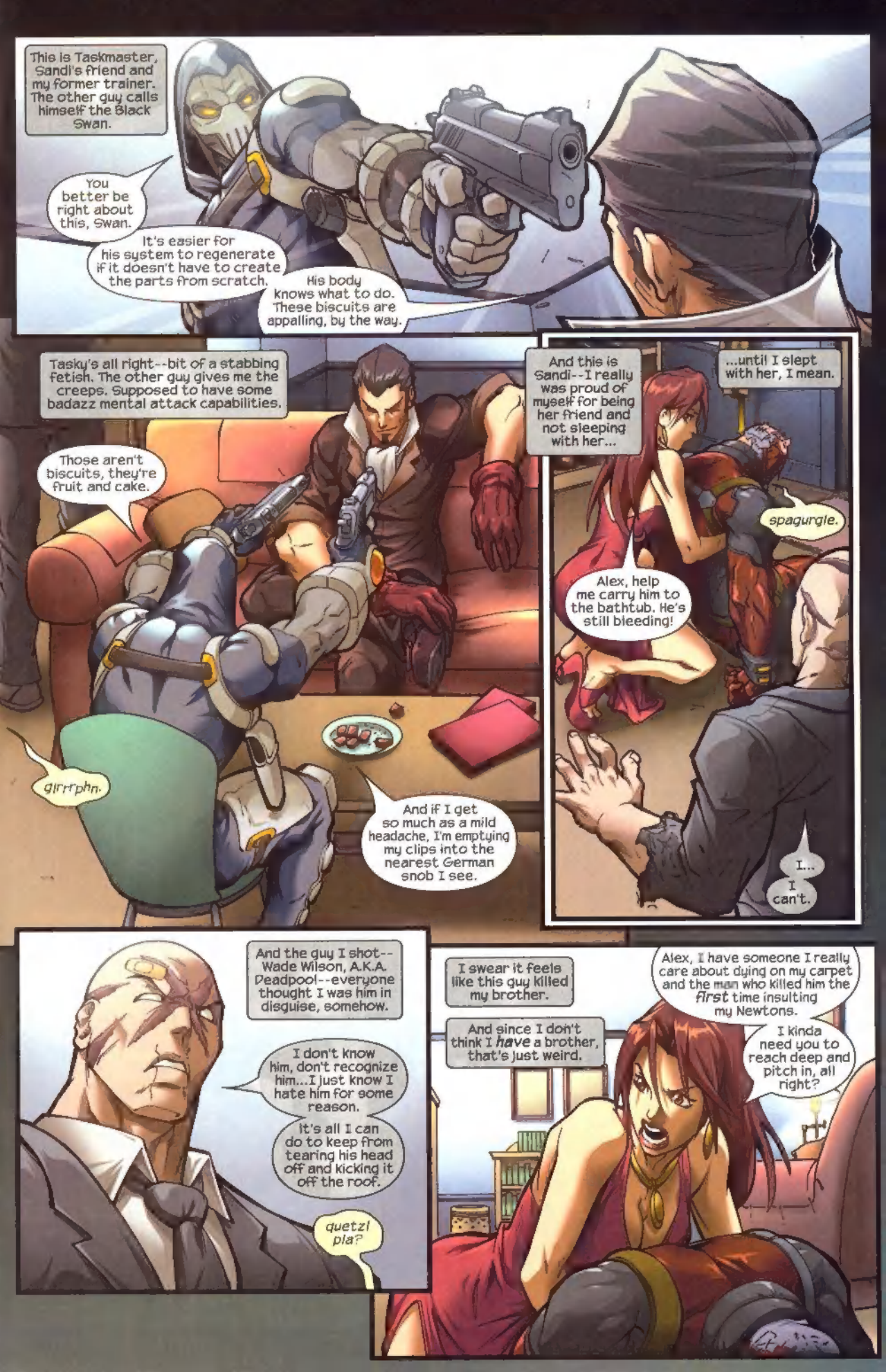
AGENT X Vol. 1, No. 14, December, 2003. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. **APPLICATION TO MAIL PERIODICAL POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2003 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00, Canada $37.00, Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO AGENT X, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 565-7020. subscriptions@marvel.com.** ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer. GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer. DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor. STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at rbrown@marvel.com or 212-576-8561.

The Rio Grande Valley, Texas, just north of the Mexican border.
HARLINGEN UNITED METHODIST
JOIN US IN FELLOWSHIP, NOT IN JUDGMENT
DOUGLAS R. TEMPLE MEMORIAL SERVICES 7:30
Stop it, young lady. You will stop it right now.
He hit me first!
Let go a me, you freak!

You go on home, Billy Rapner, 'less you wanna explain to your older brothers how you got beat by a girl.
Crazy Inez!
You stay away from me, freak!
You're a mutie. Crazy mutie buck-toothed freak!
People're always calling me names.
I hate that. I hate them.
Inez, you can't keep doing this. It's unladylike.
I know.
I won, though.
That's my girl.
I love you, Dad.
Goodbye.
You are leaving Texas
I love you, Texas.
Goodbye.

Elsewhere.
No, no, no--the big roll. That one.
This is completely revolting.
Ooh, I found something.
Buncha fuss over nothing.
Is this something?
Ugh...your cat.
He's licking the... ugh.
Bet there's probably something great we're all missing on TV right now. Naked people on cable, that fat ugly smelly guy on Food Network...
If you have extra pieces, it's better to throw them out than try to jam them in, I think.
Stupid cat!
Hand me the staple gun.
PURRRRR PURRRRRRR
But nOOOOOOOOO. Sandi and Tasky have other priorities, I guess.
You've got to hold...hold that bit in. It's oozy.
PURRRRR PURRRRRRR
Stupid cat!
I think this is as good as it's going to get, Tony.
KA-CHOK KA-CHOK KA-CHOK
Naked people and fat smelly ugly canapés aren't good enough for them. And what's worse, I know they're both mad at me, which is ridiculous.

So I shot this "Deadpool" guy in the head a little.
People can be so judgmental.
bilrgl.
PURRRRR!
DEADPOOL WALKIN'
PART TWO
FOUL BRAIN STEW
GAIL SIMONE
WRITER
ALVIN LEE & UDON
ARTISTS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERER
ANDY SCHMIDT ASST. EDITOR
MARC SUMERAK EDITOR
JOE QUESADA CHIEF
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT


This is Taskmaster, Sandi's friend and my former trainer. The other guy calls himself the Black Swan.
You better be right about this, Swan.
It's easier for his system to regenerate if it doesn't have to create the parts from scratch.
His body knows what to do. These biscuits are appalling, by the way.
Tasky's all right--bit of a stabbing fetish. The other guy gives me the creeps. Supposed to have some badazz mental attack capabilities.
Those aren't biscuits, they're fruit and cake.
girrrphn.
And if I get so much as a mild headache, I'm emptying my clips into the nearest German snob I see.
And this is Sandi--I really was proud of myself for being her friend and not sleeping with her...
...until I slept with her, I mean.
spagurgle.
Alex, help me carry him to the bathtub. He's still bleeding!
I... I can't.
And the guy I shot--Wade Wilson, A.K.A. Deadpool--everyone thought I was him in disguise, somehow.
I don't know him, don't recognize him...I just know I hate him for some reason.
It's all I can do to keep from tearing his head off and kicking it off the roof.
quetzl pla?
I swear it feels like this guy killed my brother.
And since I don't think I *have* a brother, that's just weird.
Alex, I have someone I really care about dying on my carpet and the man who killed him the *first* time insulting my Newtons.
I kinda need you to reach deep and pitch in, all right?

I dunno...just looking at him makes me want to nail his face to a bus.
Oof. Alex, please.
Yeah, the old face/bus nail gambit, that'd be smooth.
All right, let's let him rest. Maybe...
Gonna wash my hands first. Got a little brain juice on my glove.
Awww.
He looks kinda peaceful laying there like that.
WHAP
WAP
PAF
POW
SMAK
Alex, you coming?
Coming!
Ackkkk--brakkk.

Mr. Swan, maybe you'd be good enough to tell us what the hell is going on?
Guy's got brain voodoo, Sandi. Be careful.
Forgive me, Ms. Brandenburg. I've been very rude.
You have questions, and I have answers.
Might I trouble you for a sharp knife, Taskmaster?
I think you'll enjoy this.
Imagine myself and my partner Nijo in my ancestral home.
Imagine Wade Wilson, assassin, comes to ply his trade on me. At this point, "Alex Hayden" doesn't exist.
You were not yet a going concern, sir. Yours was something of a virgin birth.
Get to the point, man.
Nijo and I had a brief misunderstanding.
And Wilson, rather unsportingly, brought an explosive device to our meeting.
At that point, I believe my death meant more to him than his life.

BA-BA!
Wan' BA-BA!
He's recovering... he's literally growing his memory back.
That doesn't make any sense...
I can take a guy growing an arm back, I guess.
But growing back memories'd be like growing an arm back with the tattoos still on it.
That would be the case--if Wade's healing ability were purely a physical process. I've discovered that it's not.
There's a mental component. It can be duplicated.
I see you're skeptical. I thought you might be.
SLISSH
By the time our conversation is done, my finger will have grown back.
Can you grasp the implications of this?
You'll be able to scratch your own ass again?
HEY!
HEEEEEEEEEY!
LOOK! LOOK!
Mr. Wilson? What's...

Oh, Mr. Wilson!
I'm gonna blow corn kernels from here to Latveria.
WINKIE!
Found a WINKIE!
Boingy boingy boingy boingy!
Stop that, Mr. Wilson! It's nasty!
Oh, you gotta let me shoot him. Please, I'm beggin'.
When is he going to stop?
Prett much never.
All right, so you and Wade are sharing a Vulcan mind-meld when the bomb goes off, and... what, you got some of his healing power?
The brain is merely a computer, Taskmaster, and it's my gift to be able to manipulate those files--delete them, duplicate them...
...move them from one mind to another.
In order to save my life, I'm afraid my powers went far beyond my control--beyond what I'd known I was capable of.
You still haven't explained what this has to do with me.
You? I should think it would be obvious.
You're the dead man. Your life began five minutes after Nijo's brain activity ceased.

Soon...
He's not going to have an accident in my van, is he?
There are no guarantees in life.
Winkie! Love the winkie!
I don't know why [redacted] have to go to all of this trouble.
Just let [redacted] shoot him and dump the body [redacted]here, then it's frosty milkshakes for everyone!
I'm afraid your neighbors might object to what we'll be doing tonight, Mr. Hayden. Screams are quite likely.
Your amusement park will fit nicely.
Surely you can't drive and watch me at the same time...
I'm planning on putting the gun down the minute you're back in Germany, in fact.
Mr. Swan, you were saying that in the blast, the three of you [redacted] telepathically connected somehow?
Hey, he's got his pants off again.
He sure seems proud of himself.
That's correct, Ms. Brandenburg.
Personality traits and special abilities were shared and misplaced.
Okay, and you all ended up with some of Mr. Wilson's healing powers...so you all survived. I get that part--
Bad moron! Bad! Stop that! That's dirty!
Boingy, boingy, boingy!

You're a modern day Frankenstein's monster, Mr. Kayden.
Made from a freshly-dead corpse and bits of stolen personalities.
But you took too much. More than your fair share.
Aside from Wilson's recuperative abilities, and his unfairly acclaimed "wit"...
...you took the skill with guns it took me a *lifetime* to acquire.
You took my taste, my discernment. You took my *ambition*.
You even took my intolerance for rudeness.
And when Wilson threw me face-first into a white-hot fireplace grill...
...I even gave you my *outrage*.

I want those qualities *back*, Mr. Hayden. That's why we've come all this way. To set matters right.
What?
Oh, did you say something? I totally wasn't listening.
Did you guys keep the staple gun? One way or another, this guy's pants are staying *on*.
We're here.
You exit last, Swan. Slowly.
So, you're proposing some sorta seance to swap back our own personalities?
You and Wilson have my gifts, Mr. Hayden. In return, I received a taste for Radiohead and an encyclopedic knowledge of pornographic knock-knock jokes.
So yes, I'd like to switch back, if possible.
You *pretty*. Good *smelling*.
ALPINE PARK

Alex...are you *sure* you want to do this?
No, but I'm pretty *damn* sure I don't want *that* guy squatting in my brain any longer.
You know, the Alex who comes out of this might not be the Alex you like.
Better make sure that this Alex comes back, then.
I'll try, Sandi.
They look very happy together.
Shut up.
They don't know what kind of [redacted] you are, Swan. But I do.
I'm gonna be watching you through a sniper scope. You even twitch towards a double-cross and you'll have to call your vital organs long-distance.
[redacted] chance of that, unfortunately. The last trait of Nijo's that I had forced upon [redacted] his ridiculous [redacted] of honor.
I couldn't break my word if I tried.
Let's finish this.

Sandi's Apartment.
Hey, guys--I'm back!
Alex? Sandi
MROWR!
Don't shoot--it's just me, Inez!
Huh.
KLIK
You guys ain't in here, are ya?
Oh, Alex...

Wanna ride *rides.*
I don't know if that's a step forward or not, frankly.
I should warn you... this won't be gentle.
What do you mean?
NGGGH.
Damn--it's like a nail gun to the *face.*
Come on, Swan. Motivate me.
We.. can't stop.
No one's... *asking.*
Owwwwwww! Hurts!
I'm in position, Tony. But I'm a lousy shot, so I hope this works out.

It's like having razor-wielding maggots tunneling through my brain.
Never had anything hurt [redacted] bad.
We shoulda waited. This is [redacted] torturing [redacted] kid.
A big, dumb, ugly, stupid kid, but still.
I'll...keep my word, "Hayden." I'm giving you both back... what memories I can.
And I'm going to give you back something...else. Come closer...and I'll tell you.
Your sense of honor.
I find it [redacted] nuisance. I don't need it any longer.
Tony, something's wrong. The Swan...he...
He's smiling.
I knewit. Say goodbye, Fritzie!

Uhh!
Oh yes.
I feel *much* more myself now.
No. I feel *better*.
Your powers and mine...
It's *heaven*.
I can take what I *want* from you, and make it my own, now.
The gunman and the girl next, don't you think?

This must be what God feels like on a good day.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
Stop it! STOP!
Well.
You ruined my *suit*, you small-minded tramp.
n...n-no...!
Stay out of her *mind*, you bastard!

Now it's my turn to take something of yours.
I choose...
...your life.
You caused all this misery. No one's gonna miss you, I promise.
Alex...?
ALEX!
Tony! Alex isn't breathing.
He's not breathing!

Move away, Ms. Brandenburg.
AAAAAH!
I can't explain how much it delights me, Hayden.
To kill all of you, after the humiliation I've endured.
Goodbye, Mr. Hayden.
Hey, Swan...
...?

SHUCK!
You forgot someone!
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
NEXT:
DEADPOOL WALKIN' FINALE